

STATE OF THE SOUTH.

Its Social and Political Condition from a Northerner's View.

(From the Iowa State Register.)

The editors of the Register and Keokuk Constitution, and others, have requested us to give an account of affairs in the South as we found them on our late extended tour through the Southern States. It is probable these editors, though desiring nothing unreasonable, do not fully comprehend the full scope of what they ask. We have visited many of the best families of that region, and in confidence have conversed freely upon all the subjects pertaining to the reconstruction of those States. With the aid of letters of introduction, and by the assistance of our general acquaintance, we have had access to many things that propriety would not allow us to use publicly. Though fully endorsing the right and justice of all the privileges granted by the Constitution and laws of Congress to the colored race, yet deeply sympathizing in the degradation and almost insufferable humiliation in which it places the white population, and having fully expressed this sympathy, many things were imparted to us in confidence which cannot be used in public credit, but which enter largely into our estimation of the situation of that fair portion of our Union. They had rebelled against one of the best governments the world ever had seen, without any cause, and merited the severest punishment. But after having seen the ruin and desolation which that war has brought on them, and going among them and fully comprehending the degradation they are now justly suffering by being ruled by a class, the mass of which are so entirely incapable of discharging the duties of citizens, we freely admit that their punishment is fully equal to the offense.

THE STATE LEGISLATURES.

We saw legislatures in session of which the colored population was a large element. Many of these were elected without any regard to qualifications, and in some cases, by the connivance and aid of those who wished to make it as ridiculous as possible. In the same bodies are shrewd, cunning managers, who desire to make a radical legislature of this complexion odious and offensive. The colored race are confident, and proverbial for fun and mirthfulness. These unscrupulous democrats lay hold of these peculiarities of the negro, and by cunning stratagem aid them in doing things disgraceful to the age, and injurious to the prosperity of the people. They justify themselves in this by believing that they can thus the sooner convince the whites and the more sensible portion of the blacks that they are not fit for holding office of any kind. In this way the Bourbon Democrats of the South, are really responsible for the many foolish and injurious things done in the Legislatures of those States.

THE ENEMIES OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

There are other ways resorted to by the opponents of negro suffrage and civil rights to bring the principle and practice into disrepute. In some Legislatures we visited, colored men were the presiding officers. Sometimes when there was a respectable number of visitors present, especially from the North, a shrewd opponent, knowing the natural mirthfulness of the negro, would get off some sharp joke which would raise a loud guffaw all over the hall of the Legislature, which no presiding officer could suppress. In this, and in other ways all dignity and decorum is banished. In this matter we attribute no evil intention on the part of the colored members, but it brings the proceedings into ridicule.

COUNTY GOVERNMENTS.

But these are not the most serious troubles. We were in the populous counties and cities which the negroes have their own way, and have elected all the officers ever since they could vote. In some cases (for an example) the negro is the treasurer. His colored brethren go his security and the validity of his bond is passed on by other negro officers, some of whom cannot read. Frequently the bonds are worthless. The treasurer appoints some dishonest adventurer for deputy, who collects the money, keeps the accounts to suit his rascality, and before the end of the term decamps with the money. The negro treasurer though honest, couldn't tell what money has been collected or paid out, and makes no report. His bond is of no account, and he personally worth no more than the law allows. We were in one city in the South where this has been the practice for seven years in succession. And yet even in that city there are able and intelligent men, paylog one, two and three thousand dollars a year tax. Still they are law abiding. But the feelings they have in their hearts no one can fully appreciate until they are placed in like circumstances.

NEGROES AS JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

In many cases colored men are the justices of the peace. They know more of practice than of law. The practice they learned when white men were justices and they were slaves, and though there is but little of revenge in the nature of negroes, yet in many cases they are rendering about such justice as their white predecessors did to them. In one large southern city especially so uniform was the practice, that if from any cause a white man struck a negro every one knew the penalty. It was \$50 and costs. But if a negro struck a white man, it was decided that he was aggravated to it, and was justifiable.

THE HATES OF COLOR.

The colored population are generally quiet and law-abiding, but there are bad negroes as well as whites. And these are invited by bad men to things that are mean and devilish. And some are ready for such work without any aid, and are frequently violating all law and all the proprieties of life. This gives the white man, who

is treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, a good opportunity to satisfy some of his pent-up fury. In this way many outrages are committed and are telegraphed North as raids upon the contrabands.

CARPET-BAGGERS.

The South has reason to dislike carpet-baggers. Many of them use the negroes as tools to cover their rascality. Though them they plunder towns, counties and cities by worming themselves into office to aid the colored office holder, or getting the office themselves, and, through the colored men in other offices, give deficient and worthless bonds. So many cases of this kind have occurred that the Southerner has concluded that all men who go from the North down there are carpet-baggers. They do not discriminate sufficiently between those who go there for spoils, and those who go there in good faith with their money and energy to cast in their lot with them, to either rise or fall with the coming fortunes of that country.

UNREPENTANT REBELS.

The situation of the South is very unpleasant and uncomfortable. There is a natural antagonism in the population, and bad men on both sides are striving, each for a different object, to make it worse. Many of the citizens of the South are unsubdued rebels, as bitter and as malignant as they were at any time of the rebellion. These are ready for any thing that will cause trouble, or excite an outbreak. They are at any moment ready for the fray. This class want no peace; whatever they do is for the object of making things worse. They are omnipresent at all public meetings. They are noisy at the polls, and their names show largely on all petitions in and of the Bourbon cause. It was this class of men, led on by still worse men, who carried those States out of the Union in opposition to a majority of the people. And if there is any future trouble they will constitute the aggressive party. Comparatively few in number, and feeble in intellect, yet a host in faction and fury, they constitute, but a small fragment of society, yet by belligerent bluster and noisy demonstration a casual observer would imagine they were the State. And they are really a dangerous element. By their industry and reckless daring they carry with them to do evil a large part of the indifferent class. Open-eyed vigilance, though feeble in numbers, rules the world. They are active, while peaceable citizens are slumbering or are indifferent to all else except their private affairs. And it is this restless, active element in the South, unrestrained by the Conservative power, which will, we fear, disturb seriously the future peace of the reconstructed States. They are not satisfied, are unhappy, and are waiting for the first opportunity to strike a blow to right their fancied wrongs. This element is a magazine of combustible materials, waiting only to be ignited to spread ruin and disaster, and involve the country in a war of races—a war of extermination. And nothing but the strong arm of the general government will prevent this terrible state of affairs being inaugurated at any hour. That country is sleeping over a slumbering volcano, and it can only be saved by wisdom and prudence on the part of those in authority.

THE BETTER SOUTHERN ELEMENT.

But there is in all parts of the South a large conservative element, much of which is made up of the rich and intelligent, who participated actively in favor of the rebellion. They failed, and like good citizens accept the situation, and are in good faith trying to consolidate the Union bind up broken ties, repair lost fortunes, and cultivate the arts of peace. This class is more numerous, more intelligent, and have more influence in all moral and social enterprises than the turbulent class, and could influence and control more of the lower and indifferent class were they to turn their attention and influence as vigilantly in that direction as those who only rise up to do evil.

THE FIRE-BRAND PRESS.

There is another element in the South pregnant with evil. It is the reckless men of the press, who are constantly fanning the flames of discord, writing constantly of "military rule," Northern dictation, Grant's minions, Presidential usurpations, under the tyrant's heel, Conquered provinces, etc. In view of the desolated homes, disordered state of society, and the financial distress everywhere apparent in the South, the press of those States should take the lead in cultivating peace—infusing confidence between different sections of the Union, and in building up a sound social and financial basis. They have everything to lose and nothing to gain by agitation. It was the Press, backed up by the rash and reckless prominent politicians, mentioned above, which precipitated the last war, and it is the same unwisdom influence which wishes to precipitate another and a worse one.

WHAT HOPE?

After having seen a large portion of the South and having freely mingled with its citizens, we believe three-fourths of the white population (without considering the colored race) are satisfied with the settlement of affairs there, that they have accepted the situation in good faith, and are good and loyal citizens in heart and in practice—that they glory in the honor of our common Union, and can be trusted in all emergencies, in or out of office, if not carried away unwillingly by the noisy malcontents and unscrupulous Press, into opposition to the Government. These are the citizens who take the lead in all great moral reforms, and religious enterprises, who build up our public improvements, stock our financial establishments, and endow all our charitable institutions. But they are not found in mobs, at public brawls, nor do they fill the streets with noisy demonstrations when bad men desire to drive the populace to acts of lawlessness and revolution. It is this large and better class who excite our sympathy and respect, when they have to submit to be governed by the illiterate and incompetent, but loyal and well-meaning race, into whose hands in many cases the government has justly passed. But the malcontents, as Gen. Sheridan says, "bandits," and "outlaws," who seek the good of no one, and who flourish only in revolution, anarchy and bloodshed. In our travels through the South we frequently met this class, whose eyes flashed infernal fire, and who when we remonstrated with them, had their

murderous arm stayed only by the fear of the Government's bristling bayonets.

This latter class do not take in the whole situation. They do not seem to realize that they live because the Republican party has been merciful and forgiving. They forget that the colored race purchased their citizenship by loyalty and faithful service, while they lost theirs by disloyalty and war. They do not appreciate the fact that in sustaining a government, building its improvements, and in sustaining its private, public and commercial wealth, muscles and a smaller intelligence are worth as much as brains; and that one is no more a passport to first class society than the other. Brains without polish, and unrestrained by the moral powers, are a curse rather than a blessing. And many of those who are claiming a superiority over the colored race are as far inferior to them as Caligula was to some of those whose bodies he threw to wild beasts.

IDLENESS AND LAZINESS GREAT EVILS.

There is another element in the South which is breeding mischief. The fortunes of war has deprived many of their former means of support. Their early education and practice was idleness. They are now thrown upon the world vagabonds. Work they can not. And as the devil always employs idle hands, the thousands who have been rendered reckless in character and bankrupt in property, are now ready to take employment in any recruiting office, no matter how desperate the enterprise. Their condition renders them sour, desperate and dangerous. To them the life of a freebooter or a land pirate would be a relief from the situation that now entrails them. These, and other considerations, induce us to consider the peace of the South precarious.

C. F. CLARKSON.

PISTOLS AND COFFEE.

Bowman's and Boone's Honor.

The irrepressible Bowman publishes in the St. Louis Democrat, a card to the public, reciting his treatment by Speaker Boone, while a witness—his demand for an apology through friends, and the subsequent correspondence.—The closing part as given by Bowman we publish below:

ST. LOUIS, April 2, 1875.

To Hon. B. G. Boone, Clinton, Mo.
DEAR SIR:—As Mr. Bowman's friend (after consultation with Senator Price), I desire to say that I am willing to accept as satisfactory your offer to Senator Price, to publish a card in the Republican, embodying views expressed in his letter to Mr. Bowman, a copy of which you have in your possession, provided this is done as early as Monday next, and provided further, you also state therein that you recall the offensive language used by you.

It is almost useless for me to add that I regard your acquiescence in the suggestion contained in this telegram, as being just, manly and honorable. Respectfully,
R. S. MACDONALD.

An immediate answer is requested by telegram.

To which the following reply from Speaker Boone was received:

CLINTON, Mo., April 2.

To R. S. MacDonald Esq., St. Louis:
MY DEAR SIR:—Your telegram has been received. My card, explaining my position in the House of Representatives on the night of the 27th ult., will appear in the Republican on Monday. I will also write you by mail to-morrow. Very respectfully,
B. G. BOONE.

And on the next day the following letter was received from Speaker Boone:

CLINTON, Mo., April 3.

Col. R. S. MacDonald, St. Louis:
MY DEAR SIR:—I have inclosed a communication to the Republican, requesting the same to be published in Monday's issue. I had endeavored to be frank, candid and fair, and to express my real sentiments and convictions in the premises. Very truly,
B. G. BOONE.

In accordance with the terms agreed upon, as shown by the above communications, a full apology and explanation was sent by Speaker Boone to the St. Louis Republican for publication on Monday last. My friends, Senators Price and MacDonald, examined the same and pronounced it satisfactory.

It was now believed that this matter was finally settled. But on Monday, much to my surprise, the Republican did not contain the card of Speaker Boone, and on that morning my friend, Mr. MacDonald, received the following telegram:

CLINTON, Mo., April 5, 1875.

To Col. R. S. MacDonald:
I have just telegraphed to the Republican to withhold my card until I can come to the city. Will come Wednesday, and call and see you.—Truly,
B. G. BOONE.

To this Mr. MacDonald replied as follows:
ST. LOUIS, April 5, 1875.

To Hon. G. Boone, Clinton, Mo.:
DEAR SIR:—Your dispatch did not reach me until an hour ago. I regret the delay. Will meet you as you propose, Wednesday, or sooner if convenient to you. Respectfully,
[Signed],
R. S. MACDONALD.

On yesterday, and until 12 o'clock midnight my friends Price and MacDonald waited at the Laclede for Speaker Boone, but he did not appear or send any explanation of his singular conduct, and on inquiry at the Republican office it was found that Speaker Boone, without notice to my friends or myself, had withdrawn his communication furnished for publication under the circumstances as above stated.

This disgraceful conduct of the man who has thus doubly dishonored himself and the State by whose citizens he has heretofore been honored compels me to make this publication, and forces me to denounce him as a trifler and a coward, and to hurl in his teeth the epithets that he sees fit to apply to myself under such circumstances as required neither courtesy or courage on his part. And in making this statement, I have only to say that I will, if he desires it, give to him the satisfaction that he, by his cowardly, trifling and unmanly conduct has denied me.

FRANK J. BOWMAN.

Adelina Patti recently took a benefit at St. Petersburg, the opera being "Rigoletto." The czar sent for her during the evening and offered his congratulations. A diadem, composed of sapphires and diamonds, was presented to her at the same time.

THE WAY TO WOO.

Don't be in too great a hurry—
Hurries never pay;
Take your time; a wary general
Always feels his way.
Do not pull your line too quickly;
Rather give it play.
Take her sometimes to the concert—
Sometimes to a ball;
Sometimes spend a pleasant evening—
Sometimes only call;
Sometimes 'twill be far the wisest
Not to go at all.
Do not meet your would-be rivals
With a jealous frown.
Show her that you don't care twopence
For a man in town;
Praise her other beaux; then surely
She will run them down.
Send her presents—not too costly;
Trifles light as air;
Dainty fruits to please her palate,
Flowers for her hair—
Something that will show you chose it,
Fairest for the fair.
Vex her sometimes, (constant sunshine
Is so very tame),
Just a little dash of water
Brightens up the flame;
Love that doesn't blaze and splutter
Isn't worth the name.
Then at last some quiet evening,
(Moonlight nights are stale),
Drop into her cosy parlor,
Looking rather pale;
Strive to hide your woe unuttered,
But be sure to fail.
Just hint of a distant journey,
As a secret half confessed;
Darkly speak of hidden sorrow
That forbids you rest;
Whisper that 'tis hard to leave her,
But perhaps 'tis best.
And if she should blush and tremble
With a shy surprise—
If there is no rosy sparkle
Trinkling in her eyes—
Then tell the old, old story,
Told first 'neath fair Eden's skies.

A PARABLE.

From the French of Lamennais.

BY MRS. D. N.

Two neighbors had, each, a wife and several little children, and only their own labor wherewith to maintain them. One of the two disquieted himself greatly with the thought of the absence of all provisions for his family in case of his death—the thought never left him—but gnawed in his heart like a worm concealed in fruit.

Although the same thought came to the other he would never worry, for, said he, "God, who knows the need of all His creatures, and watches over them, will protect me and my wife and little ones," so he lived quietly and happily while the other did not know a moment's peace.

One day while working in the fields, sad and cast down by this fear he saw some birds fly into a bush, come out, and again return. Drawing near he saw two nests, placed side by side, each full of young birds, newly hatched, and without leathers. As he continued with his work, from time to time he raised his eyes and watched the birds going and coming with food for their young.

At the moment when one of the mothers was returning with her beak full a vulture seized and bore her away, and the poor mother struggled, vainly, with piercing cries, in his talons.

At this sight the laborer felt more than ever troubled, for, thought he, the death of the mother is the death of her young. Mine have also but me. What will become of them if I fall? And all day he was gloomy and sad; at night he could not sleep.

The following day, on returning to the field he said, I will go and see the little ones of that poor mother, doubtless many of them are already dead. So he approached the bush, and saw all the little birds lively and well, not one appearing to have faltered. Greatly astonished he hid himself that he might learn the cause of this.

After a little time he heard a low cry, and saw the second mother bringing hastily the food she had gathered and giving it indiscriminately, and there was enough for all, the little orphans were not left destitute in their affliction.

And the father who had doubted Providence told to the other father in the evening what he had seen. And the other answered, "Why disquiet yourself? God never abandons his own. His love has secrets which we can not know. Let us believe, hope, love each other, and pursue our way in peace."

"If I die before you, you shall be the father of my children, and if you die before me, I will be the father of yours, and if both of us die before they are old enough to provide for themselves, they will still have for father, our Divine Father."

M. D. Blakely, of Monroe county, last week sold three cars of cattle at \$5.87 1-2 per hundred, and one car hogs at \$6.25.

Ten thousand hogs are reported to have died of cholera in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Iowa, within the past two months.

Jeff. Bridgford, of Monroe county, left this week for California, taking with him 25 head of his finest Short-horns—said to be the best herd that ever left the State.

PRISON REFORM.

Up to the days of Howard, a prison was solely a place for punishment. We are veering enough from that idea now, and are perhaps in danger of the sentimental extreme of making a jail mainly an educating agency. Social science is doing a noble work in impressing upon society its duty to criminals. A man who has broken human law, is still a human being. We cannot renounce wholly our brotherhood, and the relations that grow out of it. But there may be a danger, in giving such prominence to the idea of reform, as to lose sight of the idea of punishment. The reason why any people are in prison is because a law has been violated, which demands a penalty. Criminals, then, are in prison, first of all, not as pupils in a moral course, but as offenders against the majesty of the law and suffering the punishment due to their sins. This idea must be firmly held in its place. It is one of the foundation stones of social order. Then come the "secondary idea." The man being a criminal is not thereby without the pale of humanity. Society has moral duties to the imprisoned. A jail should be also an educator. We conceive that to be the most perfect prison system which carries these two ideas together, and in their proper relation to each other and the welfare of society; a place of punishment, but not of torture; where mercy mitigates penalty, and love stimulates hopes of a better future. A visit to the Illinois State Penitentiary, at Joliet, gives us pride in the commonwealth which, in its punitive system, has so far conceived both the ideas of penalty and reformation. There fourteen hundred criminals are held in the double hand of an unyielding pressure of law, and a kind moral discipline. In days not very far in the past, the "duck-lag," the "ring-bolt," and other forms of cruelty, were in operation there. These have been abolished. Under the efficient management of the present warden, Mr. R. W. McClaghry, the prison is rapidly becoming a model institution. A perfect discipline is maintained by vigilance and strict administration of law. Punishment for violation of Prison rules is continued only until repentance and the promise for better behavior indicate that its end has been accomplished. The preaching and teaching of the Chaplain, the library of five thousand volumes of good books, and the kind care with which all are treated, including an abundant supply of wholesome diet, and features not indeed peculiar to this Penitentiary, but existing here in such measure as to indicate how strongly the idea of bettering the moral character of our worst classes has taken hold upon the public mind. The results of the system indicate the harmony between punishment and reform.

To the completion of prison reform, there should be some sort of a bureau for the care of released prisoners. By the elevated character of prison discipline many are hopefully reformed—many soundly converted. But they leave prison under a cloud. Few are willing to employ them still fewer to admit them to any social position. In many cases a criminal career is resumed under the pressure of sheer despair of finding a better one. There should be a bureau in some sort of connection with the prison, that would be informed of those worthy to receive help, and endorsement and which might relieve them from the vagabond life that almost inevitably awaits a released convict. Many lives would thus be rescued from destruction, and prison reform become a permanent victory over sin.—Interior.

Rest Rest.

Under the above heading the St. Louis Dispatch discourses thusly:

Is the poor public never to have any rest? We do not ask the question in our own interest but in the name of a patient and much enduring people, who, by this time, must have been driven to madness. For fifteen months, in court and out of court, it has been but little else than Somebody versus Hutchins. By the estimate of an accomplished accountant the St. Louis Republican has printed during that time over eight hundred columns concerning Hutchins—has told not less than eighteen thousand lies concerning Hutchins, and has coupled his respected name in those columns with some statement or other no less than twenty-four thousand three hundred and twenty-two times.

Again in the name of suffering humanity, of struggling christianity, of wearied natural philosophy, why can't we have a rest?

Or has the secret of perpetual motion been discovered, and that secret—Hutchins?

Has there at last been found an accomplished and unadulterated specimen of total depravity, and that specimen—Hutchins?

Is Hawthorne's vision of the man who had committed the unpardonable sin made real in the person of—Hutchins? Is he, in fact, the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew, Capt. Kidd, Lafitte, Aaron Burr, Benedict Arnold, Ben Butler and the man who stole Charlie Ross? So, at least it seemeth.

This bright spring morning the Republican has nearly four columns of—Hutchins.

Yesterday the Republican had a little less than two columns of—Hutchins.

To-day the Globe had two columns of—Hutchins. To-morrow it is safe to say that there will be printed in and about St. Louis fully five columns about Hutchins: And yet Hutchins is pretty well we thank you, but just a shade fatigued.

The peach king of Southern Illinois says that he won't get a peach from his 80-acre orchard this year.

R. P. Hopkins, of Boone county, recently sold to Burgess & Conyers, of Monroe 61 cattle at \$50 a head.

The members of Darksville Grange, Randolph county, are holding 100,000 lbs of tobacco for better prices.